

Clear out the cobwebs and look at me... eyes waver... dazed and
dizzy, spit out what you have inside... is it ever good enough?... the shattered fragments of the mind... ie

What's inside
YOUR
HEAD?



VOLUME 29, ISSUE 3

THE WONDER THAT IS I.E.

INSOLENCE IS EXCELLENCE

THIS - THE CALCULUS/OLYMPICS EDITION

Hey There all you Swingin' Hipsters → Here's to the third issue of I.E. this year! Cheers! Special thanks to: Quinn, Nick M., Matt, Laura H., Laura S., Morgan, Xone, Jill, and everyone else who helped get this issue out there - especially patrons of i.e., **THANK YOU!** Ok, now that that sappy moment is over, the business end of the stick. **SUBMIT, SUBMIT, SUBMIT!!!** Old and New readers alike, I urge you as your faithful editor to feed the i.e. box (e-mail and otherwise). Incase you forgot: submit to your friendly i.e. distributor (in person), submit directly to me (Alkat) your local editor, to the i.e. box in the back right corner of room 405B (next to teacher's desk, under the saddle desks), the e-mail account ieeditor@hotmail.com. I hope this issue inspires you all to be creative and fuel our little publication. Until next time - your editor Alkat.

IMPORTANT → **Attention, Everyone Who Eats in the Pit!** ← **READ THIS!!**

It has been very disturbing to see how the Pit has been mistreated this year. Garbage frequently litters the floor, and the noise level is often beyond any reasonable limit. In case any of you were not aware of it, let me inform you now: the Pit is not merely another place to eat lunch. For generations, it has been a place of refuge, a social center, and the setting for many fond memories. It is a common thread that runs through the lives of students separated by decades. One might even go so far as to say that it is a sacred place—for some, a symbol of the very best of Foss. By leaving your trash and being excessively loud, you are disrespecting the Pit, as well as Mr. Martin, who could not be more deserving of your respect. To this day, he continues to sacrifice his own lunchtime peace and quiet so that students can eat in a pleasant environment. Anyone who cannot respect Mr. Martin by respecting his Pit does not deserve to eat there. In short, pick up after yourselves, keep the noise down, or go eat in the cafeteria. It's that simple.

1. SELECT THE PROPER OUTFIT.

To steer clear of any possible accusations that you are trying to impersonate a police officer during your citizen's arrest, wear bright, colorful, and loose-fitting trousers, a snug and ribbed pullover, neon velour socks, a white scarf, and a big-billed yellow sun hat. This will clearly identify you as a private, non-police citizen.

~Nary A Quince and the IE staff



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Aries March 21 - April 19

I am currently in the basement of a friend's house commanding another friend to "bust a funky move." What about you, Aries? Are the funky moves that you bust just something that you do to please the Universe, or is the groove that you are getting on really your own?

Taurus April 20 - May 20

Hey there, Taurus. According to one of those Internet soul-mate searches, we are meant to be. I believe that I should inform you that I enjoy Indian cuisine, orange roses, and surprises. I will expect you at my house at eight.

Gemini May 21 - June 20

Really, Gemini, look at you. The world is going to Hell in a hand-basket and there you are, prancing along your merry little way in complete oblivion. At this rate, you'll be dead by May...not really, but I really wanted to use that phrase "Hell in a Hand-basket." Thank you for that small moment of joy.

Cancer June 21 - July 22

Jupiter is ascending this month and consequentially, the planets are more or less aligned to screw you up the ass. The beginning of this downfall is the lack of creativity of your horoscope.

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THOROSCOPES (Continued)

Leo July 23 – August 22

According to a very reliable source, Lucille Ball was a Leo. I'm sorry; it's not your fault that you are loud and annoying.

Virgo August 23 – September 22

Last night, at some point during my two hours of sleep, I had a dream that I was deprived of caffeine until I was driven to homicide. This has nothing to do with you, Virgo, but it was a pretty crappy dream.

Libra September 23 – October 22

Poor Libra. All of your problems are indeed as huge as you think. Go ahead, wallow in self-pity. That sick satisfaction may be the only kind you get.

Scorpio October 23 – November 21

The stars are sending mixed messages about you, Scorpio. One is that you are, in essence, Da Man. You are THE authority on all that is cool. The other, that you are The Man. You are holding us back. Which it is only you can decide.

Sagittarius November 22 – December 21

Q: Why are oranges round? A: Because snakes have no armpits. Ponder that, and then get back to me.

Capricorn December 22 – January 19

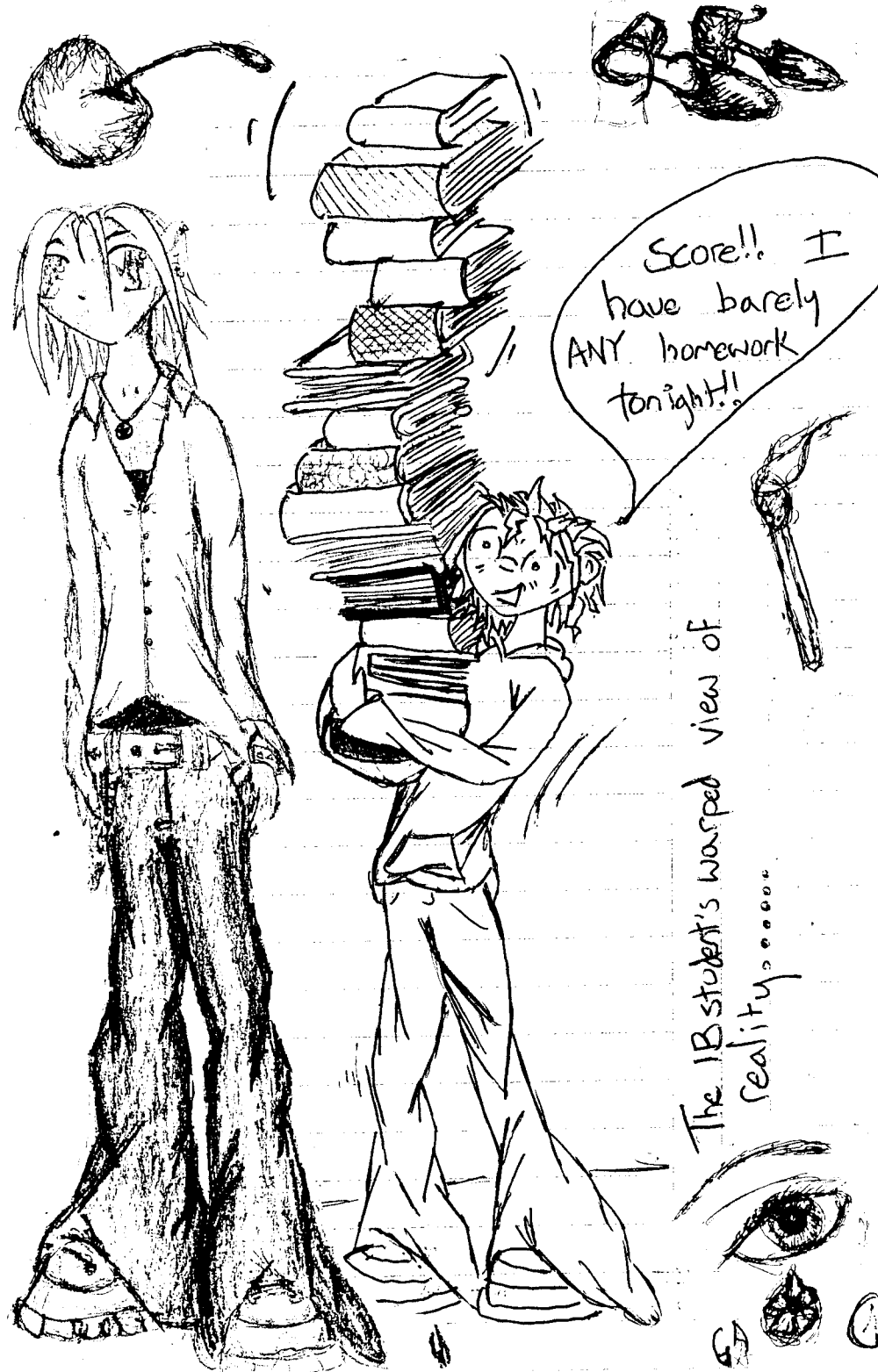
I said a lot of crappy things, gave a lot of crappy news in last issue's horoscopes, yet the only complaint I received was from a Capricorn. Was Capricorn's horoscope worse than the others? No, alas, Capricorn was simply being whiny. Apparently, you did not get enough attention last time. Now, it's all about you. I regret to inform you, however, that the stars are similarly displeased with your bitching and offered no forecast for you this month.

Aquarius January 20 – February 18

Aquarius, you really are under appreciated. I just wanted you to know, though, that I notice you. I care. In time, you will learn to be satisfied with this meager offering.

Pisces February 19 – March 20

There is a room in my house that is finished out with weathered barn siding, which my cat uses as an enormous scratching post. This reminds me of you this month, Pisces. Everywhere you turn you are sharpening your claws on something – or someone. I'd take it easy if I were you.



Olympic Officials Realize They Forgot to Build Speed Skating Rink

Salt Lake City - Olympic officials today issued a press release explaining the difficulty with staging the 200 meter speed skating event, scheduled for today. They forgot to build the rink.

"You must realize that we've spent the last three years building the facilities for these Olympic Games," explained one Olympic official. "Hundreds of separate building projects going on at the same time. One building is bound to fall through the cracks."

"In all the hustle and bustle we just forgot to build it. Considering all of the stuff we *did* build, I'd say our percentage is pretty good," said Director of Construction Jeremy Harrington.

Suspensions that something was amiss arose when the skaters began arriving for the event. There was nowhere to arrive to. "We got out of our cabs, and looked around, and there was nothing there. It was just a dirt lot with a souvenir stand in the middle," said Hans Halbkugel, an Austrian speed skater. "So we bought several miniature replicas of Dan Jansen and went back to the hotel."

Officials were quick to admit their mistake. "We realize that there was an oversight and the rink was not constructed. We are currently looking into remedies for the situation," said Mr. Harrington. One solution being considered is to allow each speed skater free entry into another event of their choice. "This probably explains why we came in so under budget," Mr. Harrington added.

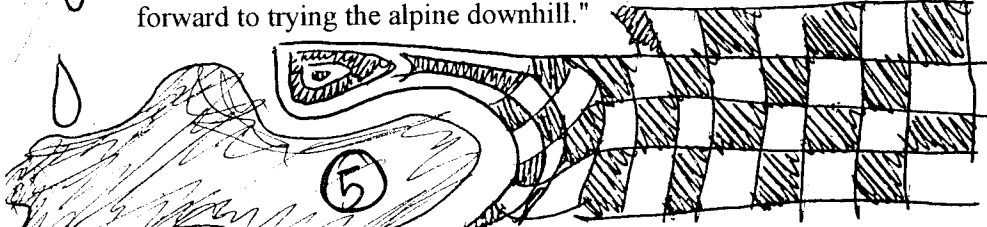
This is the first time an Olympic event has failed to be constructed since the 1924 games, when host city Detroit completely forgot it was hosting the Games. The skaters, although disappointed, were nevertheless understanding. "It's probably a hell managing the construction of this place," French skater Almand Gauthier said. "I've had days where I have a million things to do, and I just forget to do one of them in all the hassle. It's understandable. I'm just looking forward to trying the alpine downhill."

Since I was a child I have always watched the Olympic games. I sat with my family in front of the glowing screen, eating hot dogs or whatever and waiting while the athletes performed amazing feats of human skill and strength. Breathless, I would watch as Milt Goldwater of Podunk, USA ran the final 20 meters of his race. But the days of excitement and wonder are over now. I think I speak for our entire country when I say that the sports shown in the current Olympic Games are BORING. I mean, anyone who wants to could go outside and try a triathlon in his or her own back yard. With the X-games and MTV's Jackass on the air with amazing feats and breathtaking stunts the Olympics are going by the wayside. Our cultural heritage is dying. This can not be allowed to happen. I offer here an alternative: spice up the Olympics with new sports. And it just so happens I have been trying for months now to find someone to endorse my idea for a sport. I call it Inverse Ice Skating. The skaters wear blocks of ice on their feet instead of ice skates, and skate around a redesigned rink. This rink has in place of ice rows of razors curving around in an elliptical shape. This has it all! Including potential for bloodshed! American TV viewers would clamor to watch the Olympic inverse speed skating. All I needed was someone who I knew had both the intense desire to preserve our American values at any cost, and the willingness to shed (other peoples') blood without a qualm. That is why I am writing to you today, Mr. President.

sincerely,

Stumblebum

THE OLYMPICS ARE PRETTY INSPIRING, NO? BUT SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT THERE'S A WOMAN TO BLAME... BUT I KNOW, IT'S MY OWN DAMN FAULT...



2. DECIDE IF YOU WANT TO ARREST FOR A MISDEMEANOR OR A FELONY.

If you are taking someone down for a felony, Washington's Criminal Practice and Procedure says you don't have to see 'em do it, you just have to have probable cause. That means you must have "trustworthy information" that would lead just about anybody to the conclusion that the felony has or is being committed by your suspect. Have a misdemeanor on your hands? Then you best witness the act. Remember that misdemeanor offenses must constitute a "breach of peace," which means there must be some actual or threatened disturbance of public order. Weigh this issue carefully before you make your arrest. **Maiming of Hearts**



Today we have maiming of hearts. Yesterday,
We had lab prep. And tonight at home,
We shall have lab write-up. But today,
Today we have maiming of hearts. Blood
Drips like ketchup onto the linoleum floor,
And today we have maiming of hearts.

This is the anterior vena cava. And this
Is the posterior vena cava, whose texture you will feel
When you squish it a little. And this is the trachea
Which in this case should not be there. The veins
Sprawl on the dissecting tray in puddles of stench,
Which in our case should not be there.

This is the aorta, where you all must stick
Your fingers. And please do not let me
See anyone using his scalpel. This is why you all
Have latex gloves on. The heart
Is squishy and jiggling, never letting anyone see
It using its scalpel.

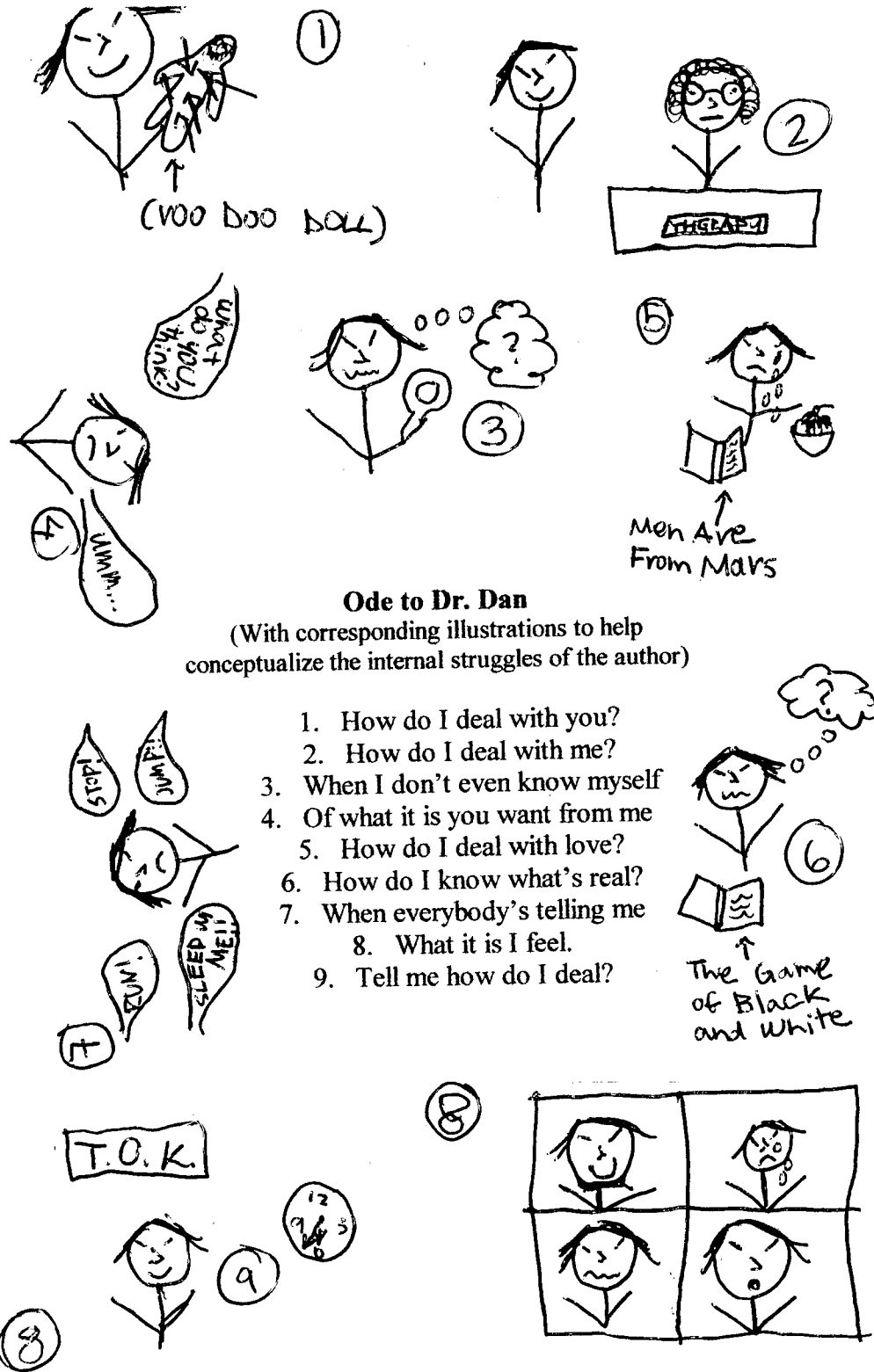
And these inside are the valves. The purpose of these
Is to open and close, you see. They close themselves
One at a time: we call this
"Lub-Dub." And one at a time
The students become sickened by the smell
As their hearts beat "Lub-Dub."

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Their hearts beat "Lub-Dub": it is perfectly sensible
Since you all have latex gloves on: like the atrioventricular valve,
And the semilunar valve, and the right atrium, and the larynx,
Which in our case should not be there; and the nausea
Filling the biology room and the students becoming sickened by the smell;
For today we have the maiming of hearts!

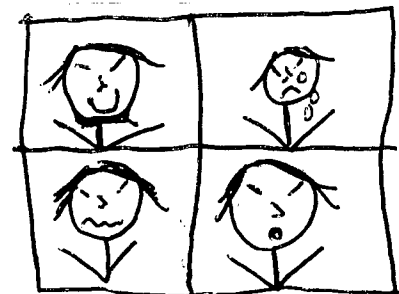
-Nary A Quince



Ode to Dr. Dan

(With corresponding illustrations to help conceptualize the internal struggles of the author)

1. How do I deal with you?
2. How do I deal with me?
3. When I don't even know myself
4. Of what it is you want from me
5. How do I deal with love?
6. How do I know what's real?
7. When everybody's telling me
8. What it is I feel.
9. Tell me how do I deal?



Walk alone in the pouring rain,
Laughing through my tears of pain,
As lightning flashes through the sky,
I see your shadow at my side

Spinning beneath the moon and stars,
Your touch begins to heal my scars.
We dance together in the rain,
Saying goodbye once again.

None of this could ever be
Long ago, lost to me.
Feel your soul caressing mine
Dancing eternity's fine line

Your presence fills my heart,
Your absence rips me apart
All alone, I dance in the rain
Smiling through my tears of pain.

Smell the fumes.
Smile at me, a bit tipsy
Remembering what coulda been.
I can't even look at you
Never be for you again.

Smell the fumes.
Reach for me, toothy grin
Wishing to reconcile
For the pain you put me through,
The hell you left me in.

Smell the fumes.
Stare at me, eyes ablaze,
Tired of the lonely days,
Drunken fucking moron,
I don't need your sin.

Smell the fumes.
Rage at me, overused.
Never used to be so painful
I hope you know the man you were,
The god you coulda been.

Now Serving
Alkat

Now serving condescension
Neatly on a silver platter
Try to 'leviate this tension
It'll only boil and spatter

Place your fears; they won't belong
Manipulate us so we care
And go on screeching sad dirge songs
Since we've got worthless time to spare

Hide and Seek's a game no more
We mourn ourselves to pass the time
"Listen, Son, take two bullets
And in the morning you'll feel fine."

3. FIND A CRIMINAL.

Now it's time to consider possible candidates. You can select a suspect and follow them around all day to see if they commit any felonies or misdemeanors, or you can choose an area where crimes occur with great frequency (like Pioneer Square or City Hall), and hang around until you see a suitable offense. Remember, if it's a misdemeanor, it can be an actual or potential "disturbance of public order"!



9



Her eyes are dull and wounded,
the scars run much too deep
She frolics in the darkness,
plays with demons in her sleep
She sings to her own shadow,
her one remaining friend
caresses its invisible soul,
turns to face, embrace the end.
Her eyes have long glossed over,
sunken into cool, blue skin.
she withdraws into obscurity,
welcomed by her shadow-kin.
Reach out a hand to save her,
grapple for her soul, her light,
she runs deeper into shadow,
frightened into flight
You pity her for who she's not,
for the pain she holds within
she pities you for who you are:
reliant on her sin.

--turtlu--

Ode to Jes

Da de da de da de da de da de da de Jes!
Da de da de da de da de da de da de Jes!

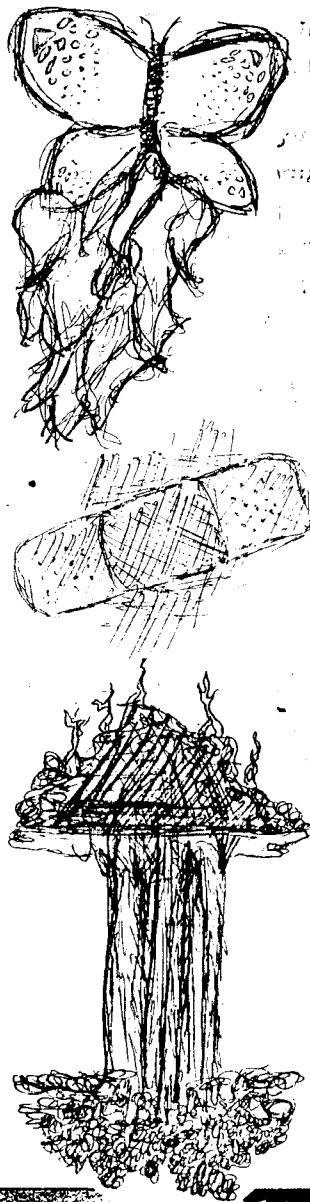
Jes sucks a lot!
(I love Jes.)

editors note: "Is the best"

For All of You who have EVER wondered how this ended...
There Once was a man from Nantucket
whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin
As he wiped off chin
If my hair was A cunt I could fuck it.
*Special thanks to our ASB Resident
for filling the general Robic in
to this abusive Limerick

©

A weather balloon rises at a rate of 15 ft/sec. The balloon contains five sand bags weighing 5.6 pounds each. The balloon also contains a pyramid-shaped water container. The pyramid's height is three times the length of the diagonal of the base. Water is flowing out of the pyramid at a rate of 17 mL/min. The water falls onto one of the sand bags. When one-third of the pyramid's volume has fallen onto the sand bag, the bag will fall off of the balloon. An airplane is flying at a 30-degree angle to the balloon at 475 mph. In two minutes the shadow of the balloon will fall onto the cabin of the airplane causing the pilot to accidentally increase the speed of the airplane to 514.3 km/sec. The sun is making shadows of 37 degrees from the horizontal (ground). Given that the sand bag is one-third the size of the airplane, how fast is a man running on the ground if he says within the shadow of the balloon and how far away will he be from the sand bag when it lands? (HINT: the velocity of the balloon can be found using a formula.)



Eyes open. Dim light, blinds are closed. Blankets twisted around wrinkled clothing, sweaty limbs struggle to sit up. Body slides off the bed, stumbles into the bathroom.

Cold tile. Cold porcelain sink with adjacent mirror. Hand reaches up to sleep-heavy face, sees blanket lines on sticky skin.

Shower running. Gray light slips over the shower curtain, into the tub. Slow motion like a movie, runs soap over glistening body. Clock said 8:00. AM or PM wondering quietly, gray light.

Foggy mirror. Dream? Teeth taste funny, brush fog, fuzz away. Towel on head, short hair sticks up.

Flashback. *Scrambling for the door, holding it shut, chain won't reach. Terror strikes, the monster will get in. Absolute realization of mortality. No fear like this.*

PM. Still daylight. Mouldy cheese, bread, fruit. Harsh flourescence, sterile white fridge is the only clean thing in the room. Newspapers - yesterday, last week on the counter. PB+J, wonders breakfast or snack?

So this is life. TV on, how long light has flickered blue, yellow. Soundless mute, loss of dreams. Scratchy olive-gray couch, stains, cat hair, more newspapers. Blinds half closed, beer bottle, no fear.

Flashback. *Truck horn blaring, move or die cannot move will not die. Lights shine in eyes, rabbit on highway. No laughter no tears no feeling, rush of wind, cool icy terror. Also feverish horror?*

Monotony. Cigarette slides in and out of pink lips, pale eyes, feverish body. Yawns, slumped in high-back, not so easy chair. Unwashed bathrobe slides, scrapes over scars, ugly or beautiful, AM or PM, wonders not caring, oblivious.

Flashback. *Vomit on pre-stained carpet, yellow slimy acrid odor wafts up. Vomits again, dry heaves sucking up air sucking fumes. Exhausted heaves, falls, sleeps.*

This is own fault. No rings on telephone no knocks on door. All bridges burned. Cannot leave, trapped in filth. No hotel room can check out any time leave mess for maid service. Yellowed blinds, dusty gray light.

So this is hell.

Who is Iron Jockey? -Iron Jockey

4. MAKE THE ARREST.

When you have found the ideal criminal act (and after you've called the police), approach with firmness and kindness, the same way child-psychology superstar Rudolf Dreikurs suggests adults approach misbehaving children. You don't have to say anything in particular, just convey to your suspect as gently as possible that you are placing them under a citizen's arrest. Remember to tell them why, because they have rights too!

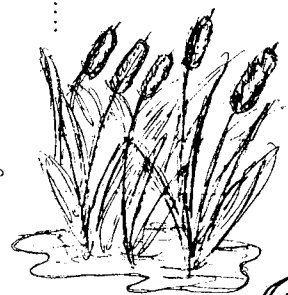


Alone in a crowded room,
I will beneath your stare,
Yet you don't even see me,
Don't pretend to care

You walk right through me
Never seem to realize.
Take part of me within yourself
Rip out a piece of life

Silent and unmoved,
You never see me cry.
Go on with life, oblivious,
As I slowly die

Alone in a crowded room,
I shiver in my solitude.



Paid Advertisement

Recently Discovered in a Cave in Afghanistan: The Kama Sutra of Sleeping!

Soldiers recently discovered a compendium of ancient sleeping wisdom from a cave in Afghanistan. Dubbed the Kama Sleeptra, this book contains descriptions of sleeping styles forgotten by the modern world. Produced by the rich Middle Eastern cultures of yesteryear, the book is utilitarian and relaxing, yet spiritual and philosophic. Now this dirt-encrusted compendium of ancient wisdom is available to the eager American public for the first time!

Initial studies by renowned university scholars have determined that this book was both a guide to those new to the art of sleeping, and a compendium of accumulated knowledge for posterity. Doctors have been amazed at the advanced medical knowledge contained within. Experts say that this book will revolutionize the way Americans sleep nightly in their beds! Mattress manufacturers are already changing their production lines to create beds specially designed for the sleeping positions described within this book! Experts predict that companies will begin choosing employees based upon recorded sleeping positions within two years.

Now, for the first time ever, this book is available to the American public! Get your copy before the sleeping world passes you by! Know what your friends are talking about when they speak of the *Rose*, or the *Sloth*! Order early and receive a carrying case absolutely free!

Below are just a few of the hundreds of sleeping positions contained within the Kama Sleeptra, and their accompanying descriptions, translated from the ancient language:

Place your arms above your head, under your pillow, while you rest your cheek against its warm cloth; let your knees fall beside one another against the satin sheets, this is the *Leopard*.

Take your soft pillow and fold it in half; place your pillow behind your head and lie on your back, letting your hands fall to your sides, your legs straight out in front; this is the *River*.

Lie on your side with your knees slightly bent, your palms together under the pillow; let your face relax into a slight smile, and your feet align perfectly parallel beneath the blankets of your bed, this is the *Doofus*.

Lie on your side, your knees tucked in to your chest, while your lovely wife lies with her ochre back to you, the blankets wrapped around her slender waist: this technique is the *Cold Shoulder*.

The thin-stomached woman on the bed, bent at the waist; her legs pressed together on the bed, her slender arms and chest falling over the edge of the soft mattress; her gentle face is pressed against the side of the bed; this is *Uncomfortable*.

Yes, learn the ancient wisdom of this forgotten empire and transform your sleeping patterns. Wake up relaxed and refreshed in a magnitude you never thought possible! The initial limited printing will not last long so order your copy today!

SECONDARY STAGE - This stage occurs about 8 weeks after contact. It usually last anywhere from 2 weeks to 6 months. Signs of this stage includes swelling of lymph nodes, rashes may occur on your palms and feet. These signs usually go away after about 2 weeks. Serious damage that can't be seen or felt starts to take its tole at the end of the secondary stage. The heart, nervous system, kindneys eyes, and brain are primary targets.

LATENT STAGE - This stage starts after about a year. It begins after the secondary stage ends. Without treatment, a infected person may still have Syphilis even if there are no symptoms. Silent damage does on until treatment,

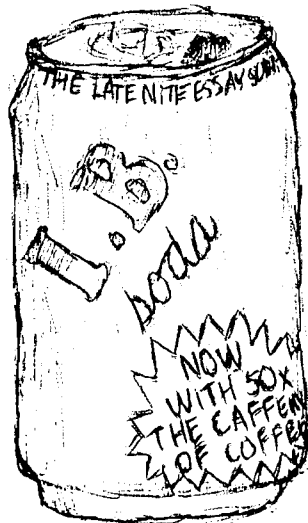
or death. Late symptoms include paralysis, numbness, gradual blindness, and not being able to coordinate muscle movement.

STAGES OF SYPHILIS:

Primary Stage - occurs 10 to 90 days after contact. A painless single sore appears in the area where contact was made. This sore is called a chancre. This germ filled sore is usually painless at this stage. After about 2 to 6 weeks, the sores go away on its own. If it is not treated, it will proceed into the secondary stage.



Syphilis is a spirochets bacterium as shown above.



Getting involved can make a difference!

People suffering with IBS usually experience a change in bowel pattern, such as diarrhea or constipation, gas, bloating and pain. Radiant Research is looking for volunteers for a research study of an investigation medication for IBS. Study participants must be diarrhea IBS sufferers. If you are 18 or older, you may qualify to participate in an investigational research study. All study-related care and medication is delivered at no charge, and you'll receive compensation of up to \$200.00 for your time and travel. Call today to find out if you qualify.

Prof Sorting Right
 This School can on now to a she just
 Grader beat my good side
 Would she cl grounds. Her ass off
 Ike told was girl. 3 there's
 war, that suck Adrian who fight a lot
 involve If his gonna is fight her
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 Rachel Kalac... shes not in art
 paint... you should probably just
 seperately mo.

WHAT IS SYPHILIS?

Syphilis is a sexually transmitted disease. This disease is known for moving throughout the body. If this disease goes without treatment it can cause serious damage leading to death.

CAN SYPHILIS SPREAD?

Syphilis can spread. It is spread from one person to another with direct contact with syphilis sores. You can get this disease by having vaginal, anal, oral sex, and mother-to-inphant only. It can not be passed by toilet seats, door knobs, swimming, or by sharing eating utensils.

tell her im only doing
 dropping 2 classes be
 you get out of IB ok
 in history
LOST & FOUND
 some time in febr

LOST & FOUND --->

Calculus and Philosophy

It's 7:35, and you settle into your calculus seat for a morning nap. Not having had TOK, your brain is not yet functioning in any way, shape, or form. But, it's calculus—you either understand it, or you don't, and either way there's no need for you to think, right?

Wrong. As you stare blankly ahead in a trance-like state, suddenly a philosophic question leaps at you from the front of the room.

"What is u ?"

Wait . . . doesn't she mean . . . what ARE you? After a moment, you shrug it off. *Eh, it's math, not English. Who cares if she can't conjugate that irregular verb. What a question . . . what AM I, indeed?* As you wrack your poor, semi-conscious brain for an answer, the class moves on, not having interpreted her words in such a non-mathematical manner. It still has not occurred to you that your musings are resulting in your missing the lesson entirely, and the next question that catches your year only pulls you further into this philosophic quagmire.

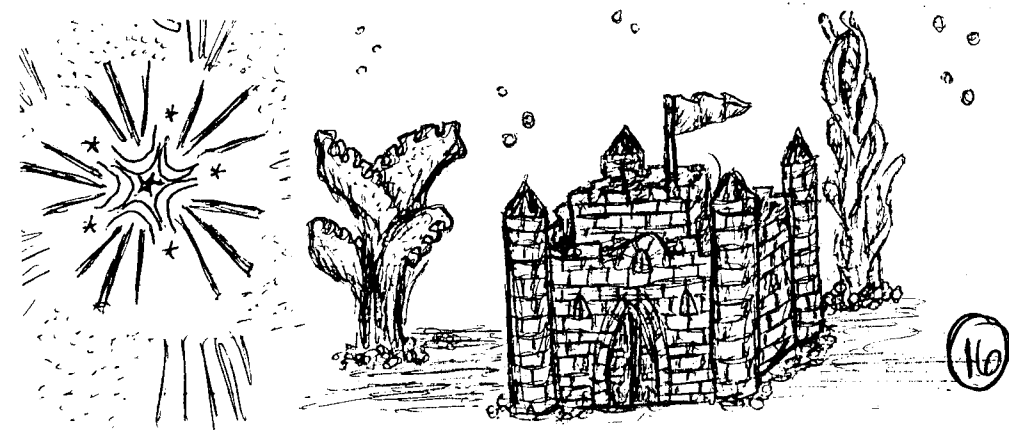
"What is the derivative of u ?"

You pause, your thoughts interrupted, and set off on a different tangent. *My derivative . . . that which is derived from me . . . Is it my work? The impressions I leave with other people? Perhaps it's the pile of dirty laundry on my bedroom floor . . .* You struggle and strain towards the answer and finally—in desperation—glance up at the board in hopes of finding some solution. There, on the board, you see your derivative written as "du."

"DU?!" you screech out loud, rising in a fit of rage, unaware that everyone can now hear you. "German for YOU?! How the hell can I be my own derivative?! I'll never accept it!"

It is just too much for you to take. You throw your calculus book across the room and storm out. You then move to the mountains and spend the rest of your life as a hermit, pondering how it could be so.

~Nary A Quince



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Magic Tricks

I saw a magic trick the other day. The thrill faded quickly, but for a moment, the feeling of inspiration and endless possibility was practically tangible. The magician took $f(t)$ and turned it into $f(x)$. Just a few little steps and POOF! that variable just switched. It was just like being a child at a magic show: fixated, amazed, and clinging deep inside to the idea that maybe, just maybe, I could do that, too. Maybe the next time I grab my hat, I'll be able to pull a rabbit out. Maybe I'll be able to pull the card of my choice out of the next deck I find. But here I am, sitting with my calculus book, facing the frustration that inevitably comes with magical endeavors. For even when I checked out all the books on magic that the library had to offer, and knew—in principle—how the magic trick was supposed to work, I was never able to pull it off. *Behold, ladies and gentlemen, as I pull the six of hearts out of this deck . . . here it is! . . . What? That's the three of spades? . . . oops. . . sorry . . .* And again, here, but with an audience far more difficult than my parents and friends: that omniscient entity known as the Back-Of-The-Book.

*Behold, Back-Of-The-Book, as I turn $f(t) = (t-2)$ into $f(x) = (x-2)$. So let's evaluate that from 0 to x . At x , we've got $x-2$, minus $0-2$. . . that makes the 2's cancel out . . . uh-oh, I don't think that's supposed to happen. DAMMIT, stop canceling yourselves! Come back to me, 2! Um . . . not to fear, Back-Of-The-Book, I'm sure things will resolve themselves soon. *gulp* So . . . the answer is x . But . . . maybe if we differentiate it, we'll get . . . no. We get 1. That can't be right. Um . . . just . . . playing with you, Back-Of-The-Book. What we REALLY want to do is integrate that x . That would make . . . um . . . $x^2/2$. Well . . . we didn't get $f(x)$, but we got some other numbers and variables that I think you'll find just as nice. . . *nervous laughter** And so the Back-Of-The-Book condemns me to one of two horrible fates. The first is to spend an indefinite period of time staring blankly at the problem while my poor, fried brain cells strain desperately towards an understanding of why my answer looks nothing like the Back-Of-The-Book's, without any guarantee that I'll reach that understanding in the end. The second has become the preferable choice as of late: to move on to the next problem without any new understanding, only to commit mathematical blunder after mathematical blunder, and thereby guarantee my failure on the next test. This is the choice I embrace now, accepting my mathematical ignorance as it is, and hurrying back to my comforting cave of conjugation.

~Nary A Quince

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To: G.W. Bush
From: Joint Chiefs of Staff
Re: Investigative Findings

Nation: Canada
Location: North

Nation seems to have inferiority complex towards US. Apparent constant competition to prove self-worth. Potential for engagement in arms race.

Claims to be pacifist nation. CJOS suspects measures aimed to divert suspicion.

Inordinately large immigration rate to US, plans for infiltration/espionage suspected.

Second largest nation, long and ill-guarded border with US. Attack would be overwhelming and uncontrollable.

Peoples of Islamic faith known to be living within borders.

Manufacturing major industry. Potential for manufacturing animatronic super soldiers and large ships for attacking US from space highly likely.

5. DETAIN THEM (LEGALLY!).

Here's where it can get messy. A mistake might get you arrested, sued, or even beaten up. The SPD's Officer MCammon tells it like it is: "You are very much held responsible and liable for what you detain someone for, and how you detain them. If you do something wrong, you can be in big trouble. If the person you're trying to detain decides to beat you up, then you're S.O.L." CPP says that as long as your suspect stays with you of their own volition, they can't come back and pin some overblown false imprisonment rap on you, so be persuasive! After you've told them they are under arrest, try to convince them to stay until the cops show up. A big smile or some tasty candy bars might help in this situation. Establish a rapport by asking them about their family or their favorite music. But remember, if they balk, hands off! It's like fishing: If you lose one, just throw the line back in and try again!



One Celine Dion product of Canadian manufacture. Suspect failed covert operation to destroy US.

RECOMMEND NATION FOR AXIS OF EVIL STATUS.

Depravity & Consequence

Dedication: To Ellna, our own Sonya, the love of our lives, the fire in our loins...

Disclaimer: All events recorded here have actually transpired, although names and locations have been altered to maintain confidentiality. Keep in mind that only 33.33% of the authors actually read in its entirety what later became our inspiration to chronicle our day. Please forgive any literary fudges.

Part I

I was cleaning up cat shit when I heard a knock on the door. I was immediately perplexed, and wondered if I should answer the front door when it wasn't even my house. I looked at my sexy half. He stood in front of the door, his height enabling him to look through the glass located directly above the door. He peered out to see who was knocking on the yellow wood of the front door. "It's Razumaygen!" he said. He opened the front door, and Razumaygen's foot, clad in a yellow shoe, stepped over the threshold and into the living room. "Razumaygen!" I said, surprised. "I was just cleaning up Ellna's cat's shit!" "Do you want waffles? You can have her waffles! They're good!

Bright, yellow, crispy... I didn't burn them, or anything!" my sexy half offered.

"No! Don't give away my waffles!" I said angrily. We went into the kitchen. My sexy half finished preparing the waffles, and I applied deodorizer to the blood red carpet. I heard loud music and went upstairs. My sexy half and I proceeded to perform various Disney family favorites such as "Hakuna Matata" and "Beauty and the Beast" for our friend. After every song Razumaygen kept reminding me of the time. "Shouldn't we go to school soon? I don't want to be late for English."

I hadn't eaten breakfast yet, so I sat down to hurriedly eat my yellow waffles. Halfway through my breakfast, we realized that it was too late to be punctual for English class.

Part II

"I have a cold," I said, sipping my yellow breakfast juice. "And besides, I would learn more by staying home today anyway." "We're good! students, no, even extraordinary students!" my sexy half replied. "Missing one day of school won't hurt us. Besides, we aren't going to get caught. We are way too smooth for that to happen. Nothing is going on at school today anyway. It

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wouldn't do us any good to go. It's not like we're going to get kicked out of school."

"Well, if you guys don't go to school, I won't go either. I'm okay with going to school, also. It's your decision," Razumaygen replied.

Part III

Determined to do be productive, we sat down together on the floor, and read aloud our biology lesson about the structure of plasma membranes. We actually learned a lot. For example, plasma membranes are selectively permeable, and only let through what they want to! (It's all for you, Mrs. Rance, all for you...)

Part IV

We decided to go to school during lunchtime. We walked outside and stood in front of my sexy half's yellow car.

"Why the hell are we going to school?" my sexy half implored me. "Let's just not go. We can do something exciting instead. Let's go get coffee or something."

"Well... I don't know. Maybe we should go to school. We aren't going to do anything else productive here anyway." I replied, with yellow snot running down my face.

"No, let's go somewhere else!" my sexy half replied.

"No! What if the truancy police catch us? They would suspect something as soon as they saw us. They know we're supposed to be in school! Oh, no! My God! We'll get caught, I know it!"

Razumaygen, always the opinionated one, shrugged.

In the distance, I could have sworn I saw a truancy patrol car.

"COME AND GET ME!" I hollered, unafraid.

"No, screw it. Let's just stay here."

Part V

The phone rang. "Should we answer it? What if it's them? What if they find us?" I asked.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll answer it for you!" Razumaygen replied.

"Hello? Oh, it's Ellna! Here, you talk to her."

I picked up the phone.

"Hey Ellna! We just decided not to go to school today... yeah... it wasn't planned or anything. Things just kind of escalated! Oh... yeah, I'm sorry. I know I should be at school! Oh, and it's weird that I'm at your house? I'm sorry..."

I stared shamefully down at my yellow-tipped socks.

"Are you mad? You have the right to be... just confused? Well, okay then. I'm sorry. Okay. I understand, you have to go."

YOUR BACK...

Part VI

"I feel bad, you guys... we should turn ourselves in." "Yeah... Ellna's right. We still have time, it's not too late."

"She still loves us, right? As long as she loves me, I know I can accept any consequences the Tacoma Public School District may administer."

"Let's go to the Truancy Center and turn ourselves in!"

"Where is the Truancy Center?"

"I don't know... we could call and find out. Someone get the yellow pages!"

Unfortunately, the Truancy Center wasn't listed. We went with the next best thing.

"Here's 'Dial-the-Superintendent!' Let's call!"

I picked up the phone.

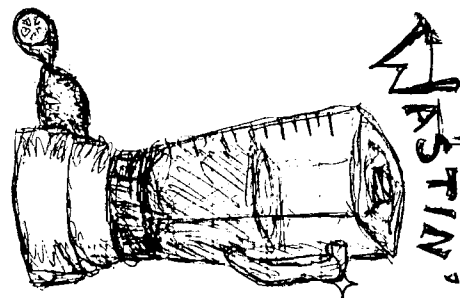
"We're skipping school. Come and get us if you want."

I felt better already, so this time I actually dialed.

His answering machine picked up (damn, he knew it all along, and was out looking for us).

I repeated my deposition.

AWAY AGAIN



Cliff's Notes Version:

- Part I:
Late for class.
- Part II:
End up not going to class at all
- Part III:
We love Mrs. Rance.
- Part IV:
We're indecisive people.
- Part V:
The guilt starts to set in.
- Part VI:
FORGIVE US GOD, FOR WE HAVE SINNED!!!!!!
- Epilogue:
Forgive us, Mr. Shoemaker...

Discussion Questions

1. Discuss the significance of yellow in the piece
2. How does it make you feel?
3. Why do the authors want you to feel this way?
4. How do you know that this is what you are feeling?
5. Are humans able to feel at all? What is feeling?

*Please write an essay comparing these motifs with the animal imagery that reoccurs throughout the book

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DID ANYONE NOTICE OR APPRECIATE THE XTRA,

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BONUS I.E. GOODNESS - MORE FOR YOUR \$. Normally there are 20 pgs, now there are 24 pgs, BE APPRECIATIVE - LOVE I.E.!! MORE BACK FOR

LONG LIVE



i.e.